Painting By Numbers

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Painting By Numbers

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Alpha Aiden was sure he was going to have a terrible time at the wedding he agreed to accompany his friend to… but then he met the best man.

Notes

For #EatTheRare and #Summertimeslick role reversal - omegan sugar daddy

Shout out to @insanelyartful on tumblr for the idea of calling this pairing PaintByNumbers. Massive thanks to @slashyrogue for the prompt!

Aiden looked over at Vivian and smiled, trying to hide the excruciatingly terrible time he was having.

He had agreed to be her plus one because she had begged so pitifully, but even doing a good deed for his best friend wasn't reward enough for going to a wedding. Especially as he'd had to spend money he didn't have on a new shirt for it. The joys of being a starving artist.

Even so, he wasn't about to let his unmated omega friend go to a wedding alone. All the unmated alphas would be sniffing around her, and after her recent breakup, it would suck. That didn't mean Aiden was going to enjoy himself. He'd seen enough shit from his parents to know marriage wasn't the fairytale that weddings made them out to be and had less than no interest in the whole thing.

He planned to smile and nod and be otherwise pleasant whilst Vivian and the bride - her cousin - danced and laughed with half of the congregation. In fact one of the few people not dancing, Aiden noticed, was the best man.

He sat on the head table, dressed impeccably in a full black suit, shirt and tie, looking bored stiff. Vivian had mentioned him before - the groom's oldest friend, they didn't have much in common now but were still very close. And the man didn't look bored so much as just, not bothered. This was clearly not his sort of thing either, but like Aiden, he was a good friend.

About to turn away, Aiden's breath hitched when the man looked suddenly straight at him. One eye was glazed and had a scar running through it, but both eyes pierced him. The man titled his head slightly, a motion that at first made him simply look like he was studying Aiden. But after a moment, even over the heated scent of sweat spilling from the active dancefloor, it hit him. The man's movement had sent a wave of pheromones his way - signalling not just the omega dynamic Aiden had suspected, but also his interest.

Aiden took a deep breath, his eyes slightly wide at the obvious, and dominant, proposition. He couldn't help his lips curving into a smile. Perhaps the evening wouldn't be a total bust?

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It had started with a drink. They seemed to have wordlessly agreed to go to the bar, and there they met as the frivolities of the wedding continued. His name was Jean and, up close, he was utterly breathtaking. He was maybe ten years older than Aiden, and he had to admit that was something he liked. Maybe it was that he liked those older than him were fussy and clearly did not settle easily, having other goals in life than to bond and breed?

And… Maybe Aiden could admit that he had a thing for older guys.

He liked being bossed around, he liked being used for their pleasure. It gave him pleasure to give pleasure, and demanding older omegas were wonderful for that. The man's scent was ripe and fresh, and Aiden could think of nothing better than being made the omega's boy toy for the evening.

Aiden wanted to try some line about the guy being the *Best Man* but could barely string two words together. He liked to think of himself as fairly charming, but under the stoney gaze of the man, he felt like an idiot.

They ordered drinks and the omega gazed at him as he drank - a slight smile playing over his lips that betrayed his amusement. He was clearly enjoying the effect he was having on Aiden. He totally seemed the type to like dominating and teasing alphas, and the thought of that made Aiden's knot throb.

They made small talk - Jean explained that he owned his own accounting firm but was also interested in the arts. This of course allowed Aiden to explain that he was an artist without it seeming like the line it often did. Not that he thought this omega would be impressed by such a thing.

It was hard to say whether he was or not, because the next thing he did was knock back the rest of his drink, lean in close and say, in a low gruff voice -

"An underappreciated, starving artist I hope… I hear they are always in need of a sugar daddy."

Aiden's own drink almost slipped out of his hands, and as it was a little sloshed on the bar before he was able to recover. He practically gulped as he looked back to the omega - that one good eye boring into him and making him squirm in the best possible way.

The word seemed strange in his mouth, as though *sugar daddy* was a phrase he had heard and was repeating. Aiden felt a strange jealousy at the thought of someone else having called Jean that.

Before he could respond in any way, either as a protest or… well, an acceptance of those words was very tempting, Jean continued.

"I'm a busy man, I can fit little in my life beyond work, but I do have a hotel room here for the weekend, and a plan to relax. I think your company would relax me greatly, if you are amenable."

Aiden made himself wait for at least a beat before nodding, trying desperately to not to show just how eager he really was.

He could scent the omega's arousal in what felt like a game of cat and mouse, in which Aiden was more than willing to be wholly devoured.

“Would you like to join me?” Jean asked as he placed down his glass and stood up from the bar stool. He took his hotel key card from his pocket, tapping it against his lips twice before quirking a brow - just in case Aiden wasn’t at all getting it.

“Yes.”The word came out as almost a squeak and Aiden cleared his throat before setting down his own, unfinished, drink and getting to his feet.

*

Jean’s room wasn’t a room. It was a penthouse suite consisting of several rooms and bathrooms. It was bigger than Aiden’s damn apartment by quite some margin.

When he paused on entering, taking in the luxury with some trepidation, Jean must have noted it. He gave a dismissive wave of his hand toward the large dining table that was covered in files and a couple of laptops.

“I checked in a few days ago with several colleagues, this was a better business option than hiring a conference room and I needed to be in town for the wedding. But don’t worry,” he leaned in close and breathed the words next to Aiden’s ear, “they all checked out yesterday. We are quite alone.”

Aiden shuddered at the sensation of Jean’s breath against his skin.

“You’re very beautiful.”The omega continued, pressing himself to Aiden’s back so that they were flush together and Aiden could feel his interest as well as scent it.

“So are you.” Aiden was glad it came out almost as a growl, making him sound less, pleasantly, rattled than he was.

Jean nuzzled against his neck for a moment, stimulating his scent gland before pulling back entirely.

“I have the scent of the wedding frivolities on me. I am going to have a shower and you are more than welcome to join me.”

When Aiden turned the omega was walking away, he couldn’t even attempt not to follow, as though pulled along by a thread. When Jean started to discard his clothes along the way, Aiden followed suit, almost stumbling as he hopped to remove his shoes. He was so glad that his graceless and desperate undressing was not noted by the omega.

He was, on the other hand, thoroughly ecstatic that, when they reached the bathroom and he turned, the omega did noted his nudity with some pleasure.

Aiden felt a strange sort of thrill as the omega looked him up and down, taking in every inch of him.

He wasn’t the classic alpha stereotype pushed by the media. Almost hairless chest, he made up for it on his legs, and the light dusting at his navel leading the way to an impressive thatch above his cock. He liked that Jean’s eyes lingered there, especially studying his already swelling knot. He knew that he was impressively endowed, even for an alpha, and he had never had any complaints about that.

Jean's eyes came back to his as he stepped in the space between them. He cupped Aiden's balls in one hand, drawing from him a sharp hiss of shocked pleasure, as he grinned.

"They say hairless alphas are more virile," Jean licked his lips. "I do not necessarily put stock in such anecdotes, but I am more than willing to test the theory."

It was all Aiden could do not to moan as Jean rolled his balls in his palm for a moment, his knot throbbing with each touch.

"Yes…" was all he could manage, which at least earned him a wicked smile. Oh yes, Jean knew Aiden was going to enjoy being toyed with as much as he knew Jean was going to enjoy toying with him.

It was only as the omega moved away, releasing Aiden and all but sauntering towards the shower, that Aiden allowed himself to take in the view of the naked omega. Jean reached into the spacious and luxurious shower to turn on the facet, Aiden's eyes were drawn to his perfectly toned ass, and the glistening of slick gathered at the tops of his inner thighs.

Aiden just watched as the omega tested the water and stepped in, waiting - as he had unspokenly been told and agreed to.

Jean let the water wash over him, slicking back his hair and running over his increasingly hard cock. Aiden knew this wasn't a show for him, it was a test of his obedience. Completely confirmed when Jean scrubbed his face and then looked over at him.

He smiled, an almost cruel curve to his lips, and held out a hand - giving permission more than inviting.

Aiden went willingly, stepping into the glass cubicle and pressing himself against Jean. He buried his face in the crook of the omega's neck - breathing in the scent that was made all the muskier by the humidity of the shower.

Jean hummed his pleasure and placed his hands lightly on Aiden's shoulders, giving a slight push downward. Aiden required no further encouragement, slowly dropping to his knees in front of the omega.

The light spray splashed over them both and Aiden was achingly hard, his mouth watering as he looked up. Jean was gorgeous - his cock was hard and as beautiful as any omega's Aiden had ever seen, his body thick but athletic. Despite the water spilling over them, the slick from Jean's hidden entrance was clear - it gathered thickly at the top of his thighs and rolled down the underside of his cock.

Aiden wanted to ask what Jean wanted, but knew the greater reward was in being told what to do, and he wasn't made to wait longer than a moment.

"Your mouth." Jean instructed.

Aiden's heart thundered in his chest as he leaned in and took the omega's cock into his mouth. He licked tentatively at first - assessing the most pleasurable areas - before sucking him deep into his throat.

He was rewarded with a pleasured grunt as Jean put his hands out to brace himself against glass walls.

When the omega readjusted, spreading his legs a little further apart, Aiden could no longer resist the scent of the slick so close to him. He glided fingers over the wetness at the top of Jean's thighs, taking his hissed "yes" as further invitation, before sliding two fingers inside the omega.

Aiden was urged on by the increasing moans of pleasure, swallowing around Jean's cock and grazing over that spongy sweet spot inside him. Aiden found himself moaning in turn when Jean's hands shot into his hair and he began to thrust into Aiden's mouth.

It was all Aiden could do to keep a rhythm with his fingers as Jean fucked into his mouth. But he didn't need to last long - Jean cried out and spilled down Aiden's throat as his inner muscles spasmed around Aiden's fingers.

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After a shower, during which neither of them got any cleaner, they retired to Jean's bedroom. It was ridiculously big - could probably fit Aiden's bedroom in six times over. The bed itself was palatial - a super super king practically.

With towels around their waists, they entered the room and Aiden stopped for a moment. Taking it in and unsure how to react. He already knew the guy was loaded, he shouldn't still be shocked by every little (big?) thing. So he decided in that moment to delight in the luxury instead.

He grinned and ran at the bed, letting his towel fall away as he jumped up onto it, bounced for a moment and then dropped onto his back, laughing.

Jean quirked a brow at him, another slight smile betraying his amusement.

The omega dropped his own towel and stalked to the bed. The lusty determination in his eyes made Aiden swallow, hard. A little shiver running over his skin as he anticipated what was to come next.

Jean crawled onto the bed, like a predator about to devour him, the omega's eyes swept over him and settled on his cock. It was still hard from the shower, though he had no issue with not having been allowed his pleasure yet - as he knew it was a case of *yet*.

"I'll have your knot." Jean practically growled and Aiden shuddered.

"Yes." He managed to breath out. "Take anything you want. Please."

Aiden sank back into the sumptuous pillows as Jean sank down onto his cock.

*

Aiden couldn't help grinning from ear to ear as he wandered the gallery, his mind elsewhere.

Often his job could be pretty soul shredding. He was an artist, so it seemed to make sense that an art gallery was a good place to work. He couldn't make enough money from his art alone to support himself, and on occasion his own work had been displayed in the gallery when it fit the show and it the owner, Mr Bond, was feeling generous.

But today, after a long weekend of knotting one of the most glorious omega's he'd ever met, he was feeling pretty chipper.

He had stayed three days with Jean in his hotel room, and in the end Aiden only left because he had to go to work. It had been three days of fantastic sex, interspersed by the kind of deep conversations you only ever really have with a stranger. Jean's cool exterior broke here and there as he teased Aiden over the luxuries he would buy the boy if he were indeed his sugar daddy.

Aiden knew he would be hopelessly daydreaming for quite sometime about the calm and sharp omega. All he really knew about him was his first name, that he was some sort of an accountant, and that his cool exterior broke into the most beautiful sounds every time Aiden knotted him. Shame they hadn't exchanged numbers, but it was only really meant to be one of those ship's in the night situations. A night to remember. Jean had made clear he was too busy to see anyone socially, and as much fun as he'd had, Aiden was had little interest in anything serious.

"Aiden, did you hear me?" Mr Bond was frowning at him from across the gallery - Aiden hadn't even realised the alpha was in the same room.

"Huh?"

Bond frowned at him, clearly trying not to scowl. "I said that Mr Le Chiffre will be here shortly, just…" Bond shook his head as he looked him up and down, "tuck your shirt in and try not to look so dopey. You look like you were getting your knott away all weekend."

Aiden grinned but did as he was told, even as Mr Bond rolled his eyes at him,

Le Chiffre was Bond's new business partner and hadn't yet been into the gallery. Vesper, Bond's original partner, had decided to move away and was opening her own small gallery in a hicktown somewhere. Bond couldn't afford the costs on his own, and in truth, he had no head for numbers - Vesper had handled all that side of the business whilst Bond was the art picker and curator. It had worked well and Aiden assumed Mr Le Chiffre would fulfill much the same role.

Feeling pretty good about himself, Aiden went through to the back gallery as he tucked in his shirt. It was his favourite gallery to work at the moment because he current exhibition in there - much easier to sell if you wanted to buy it yourself. Or in the case of one piece, you painted it yourself.

He grinned at the artwork - one of his largest pieces - a wolf with passion burning eyes.

"Today I'm going to sell you." He announced to the painting.

"A beautiful piece," the voice behind him made Aiden jump. "I don't doubt it."

The voice was familiar enough that every hair on Aiden's body stood on end. He wheeled around and found Jean standing there, another black suit - though this one less formal than the one at the wedding.

"Jean!" Aiden swallowed, hard. "I didn't think I'd see you again…" The scent of the omega he had spent the whole weekend claiming in all but bond, made Aiden want to bury his face at his throat. For the sake of his job he resisted throwing himself at the man who had practically made him smell colours each time they had knotted.

“Nor I you.” His tone was outwardly cold, yet Aiden knew well enough from the weekend of passion that there was an underlying warmth he suspected was not given freely to most. It was betrayed by a slight quirk of the omega’s delicate lips.

Aiden smiled, wondering how it had come about. He was sure the omega was not the type to track down a one night (weekend?) stand. So perhaps this was some sort of wonderful coincidence?

“Ah, you found him.” Bond interjected from the doorway. “Did he show you his painting? Talented, and a good salesman too, a great asset to the gallery.”

Aiden frowned, wondering why his boss had sought them out in the gallery to inform a perfect stranger of this? Did he know? Did he know that Aiden had spent the weekend knotting this man? The thought was concerning.

Jean’s mouth curved into smile as he looked over at the other alpha, and Aiden was surprised by the spark of jealousy that flashed through him.

“Yes, quite an asset.” Jean agreed.

Bond nodded, pleased. “Of course, any new hires we will discuss further, Le Chiffre. We usually revenue have enough to offset seasonal staff.”

Jean returned the nod and Aiden felt his blood run cold. *Le Chiffre*. His new boss?

“I’m sure you have it well in hand, but of course it would be prudent for me to look over the figures.”

Aiden didn’t miss how Jean - *Le Chiffre* - eyed him as he spoke.

Bond nodded again, oblivious it would seem, and turned back into the main gallery as he replied - “I’ll let Aiden show you around, and then we can talk business.”

“This is a hell of a coincidence.” Aiden near growled, once Bond was out of earshot. Wondering if in fact it wasn’t a coincidence at all given how cool and calm the omega was.

A smile quirked Jean’s lip, “a happy one I will admit. And though I had not planned this in the least, I can’t say I am disappointed.”

Aiden felt his face flush and his knot throb at the memories they had made. “Me either I guess…”

Jean stepped in close to him, taking a quick glance over his shoulder to make sure Bond hadn’t returned. He took a deep breath, taking in Aiden’s scent in an almost predatory way.

“I had been thinking all weekend how beautiful you would look in a better fitted suit, how lovely it would be to treat you and buy you trinkets.” Jean’s voice was low and he could feel his breath on his ear.

“You want to be my sugar daddy?” Aiden huffed a laugh and raised a brow as he pulled back to look at the man.

Jean shrugged, sly smile still in place, “I hear every starving artist needs one. Painting by numbers, as it were.”

“You’re technically my boss.” Aiden shook his head even as he continued to chuckle at the ridiculousness of it all.

Jean’s look was as impassive as ever, as he cocked his head and agreed - “yes, I am.”

Aiden grinned and bit his lower lip, sure that Jean could scent how receptive he was to the idea. “Yes, you are.” Aiden agreed, turning on his heel and started towards the storage room out back, knowing the Le Chiffre was following him.

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